Congo News Letter.

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July 1938

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Congo News Letter.

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THE JUBILEE CONFERENCE OF PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN CONGO

On June 11, 1938, Protestant missionaries from all over Belgian Congo gathered at Leopoldville to celebrate the Sixtieth Anniversary of their work in Congo. It was in 1878 that Mr. Craven of the Livingstone Inland Mission managed to establish, after meeting with great difficulties and opposition, the first station at Palabala, fifteen kilometres from Matadi.

This jubilee celebration was a season of rejoicing and great blessing, of heart-searching and re-dedication to God. Representatives of nineteen missions, totalling one hundred and forty-six missionaries in all, met together for ten days, attempting to share the deepest experiences they knew. Many Protestant denominations were represented, their countries of origin being England, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, Canada and the United States. The sense of unity was greatly enhanced by the concept which has been developing in the minds of natives as well as missionaries since the Mott Conference of 1934, that of "The Church of Christ in Congo". This church unites in one fellowship every Protestant follower of Christ, irrespective of the denomination or nationality of his mother mission.

To the native church — The Church of Christ in Congo — this was also a period of blessing. Over two hundred delegates came from all corners of the country to meet together June 4-9. Difficulties of travel and differences of language were not considered. This native Convention, the very first attempted in Congo, stands out as one of the great steps of the sixty years.

On Monday, June 13th, the natives having dispersed, the missionary Conference sessions began. We were deeply honoured by the presence of the Governor-General of the Colony, who pronounced the formal opening of the Conference in a very excellent speech, mentioning with sincere appreciation the work of our pioneer missionaries in opening up the country and bringing the Light to those who had lived in darkness. He also gave recognition to those now following in their steps and extended the best wishes of the government for the years to come.

Much interest was aroused throughout the Colony by this Conference, but especially in Leopoldville did it meet with great sympathy. The government river boats and railroad, as well as H.C.B. boats, granted free transportation to all members of the native choir, as well as a fifty per-cent reduction on tickets for natives and missionaries attending the celebrations. Local firms gave their support. For instance, one contributed enough white cloth to make suits for the three hundred nineteen choir members, and the tailoring department of the Colonial Army made them up free of charge. Another company planed boards for the seating in the "Bowl" and a third placed a car and chauffeur at the entire disposal of missionaries for the duration of the Conference.

A tea was given by the missionaries to officials and other members of the white colony of the capital. The many and distinguished guests were entertained by a selection of vocal solos and by the school choir of Banza Manteke. After tea the girls of the B.M.S. school at Leopoldville did May-pole dances most acceptably, and groups of guests were shown the Conference exhibit: pictures demonstrating the work of missions and their stations; early editions of books in native languages; and handwork by the various schools in raffia, grass cloth, seisal fibre, to say nothing of the really fine embroidery done by some of the women. The head of the Museum of Native Arts purchased a large selection of the articles on display.

The Conference program was based on that of the Oxford Conference of 1937, the following being the headings under which THE CHURCH was studied:

The Faith by which the Church Lives.
The Witness of the Church.
The Inner Life of the Church.
The Church and its Environment.
The Church in Relation to Mission and State.
Closer Cooperation.

This last topic was added in order to consider how all might work together more closely and with greater unity toward building up and strengthening The Church of Christ in Congo. But every group studying the problems of the different aspects of the Church, was brought most forcibly to realize that as we are one in Christ we must join our hands more firmly in His work, forgetting differences of race and creed; that we must build The Church of Christ in Congo together as one man with one set of

ideals — the ideals of Christ; that we must strive to build up for the African the conviction that the whole of life centres, not in the family, not in the school or hospital, not even wholly in the Church, but that all these different aspects of life are one in Christ. The witness of every Christian must be a joyous one, showing what Christ has done in his own life, and attracting others by the radiance which only the presence of Christ in the heart can give.

The Conference closed Sunday evening, June 19th, with the celebration of the Lord's supper at the B.M.S. church. It was with full hearts and with a renewed sense of consecration that the members of the Conference dispersed and returned to their stations to resume their work with greater zeal and vision for the Kingdom of God.

A.B. Lanoue

FELLOWSHIP IN CHRIST

At the native Convention which met in Leopoldville we saw 18 different tribes from all parts of the Congo gathered as one tribe in Christ. This would have been impossible a few years back. The Bangalas, Bakongos, Balubas, etc. stood side by side and sang the same hymns, exchanged news from home and fellowshipped together around the Lord's table.

There were many prayers of praise and thanksgiving offered during these sessions. It thrilled our hearts to hear: "God, we thank thee for the price that was paid for our salvation, the blood of Jesus Christ". We thank thee for what thou didst for us 60 years ago, in sending thy word to us."

As we listened to the accounts of the difficulties the first missionaries had with languages and hostile tribes we too thanked God for what He did in opening up this land to the Gospel. After 60 years there are 44 missions working in Congo, but our motto is "L'Eglise du Christ au Congo. Tous Unis en Jesus Christ". (The Church of Christ in Congo. All United in Jesus Christ.)

During one of the afternoon sessions we were given "Glimpses of the Old State of Things". Stephen Bangu of Sona Bata said, "You ask me to tell you in six minutes what our country was like when the first white missionaries came. If I sat down at sunrise and talked until sunset maybe I could tell you a little of how our fathers lived. We had no clothes, and we saw much sickness and death. We had Nzambi (God) but we did not know who or where he was. Some thought he was in the water and some in the heavens. We thought that our fetishes were God, but they couldn't hear us. If someone died, the witch (the person who caused the death) was smelled out and usually killed by being thrown in the river."

Mfumu Mankutu from Thsumbiri told of how when a chief died they would take a young woman and tie her legs and arms, then bury her alive in the grave with the dead chief. He also told of a father who was left with a baby girl whom he cared for until she was old enough to marry. He consented to her marriage on condition that she live near so she could cook for both her husband and father. A year later this young woman died in child birth, and the witch doctor was called in to smell out the witch. The whole village sat around in fear

and trembling as the witch doctor went from one to the other deciding who was the guilty one. When he came to the father he smelled of him and called out, "You are the witch; you are the witch". He was forced to drink "medicine" and vomit, drink and vomit all day, and by evening he died from exhaustion, which they claim proved his guilt. When old chief Mankutu finished telling us these sad things he said, "Let us all turn to Christ. If you have Christ in your hearts SHOW Him to the world."

Others told of how they didn't dare go from one village to another for fear of being killed or eaten by some other tribe. There was very little work done other than making palmwine, and drinking it. Words would fall and there would be fighting and killing. Witchcraft and fetishism brought fear and strife.

Then we were told of the difference Christ has made. In the old days if someone owed a debt that he couldn't pay he was tied and hidden in the tall grass. If a relative came and redeemed him he was freed; if not, he was sold into another tribe. "Christ has come to break the chains of sin tied by Satan. Our fathers loved no one who was not of their tribe, but since Christ came in there is a difference."

Yelemaya from Leopoldville-Ouest, though much younger in years than many of those present, gave a very fine testimony. "God told me when I was leaving home to come to Leopoldville, 'I will be with you and never forsake you'. Every day when I was on the way to Leopoldville I heard these words. I rejoice today that I can with you hear the word of God. God called us all to hear His word, and when we come to His kingdom we will all hear every language and

praise Him together." He told of a young man who married a woman from a village some distance away. "On their way home after the wedding the woman heard music and the beating of drums and she asked permission to go and see where it came from. When she arrived at the village she was taken into the dance and joined in the drinking. When she later returned to her husband, he said, 'You are no longer my wife'. We are the wives of Christ and on the road to glory. Will he find us on the road or gone aside to see where the music comes from?"

Yoani Yembe of Lukunga, who is working on a station without a white missionary, said, "Our job is to do the work of God and keep on, though we have no white man to help us". Mpete Joseph, the pastor from Bolobo, said, "When you marry, the first things you give your wife are a hoe, a knife and an axe in order that she may make a garden. We have received a hoe, a knife and an axe from Christ; may we go out and make His garden."

On Sunday morning we gathered for a 7 o'clock service in the open air where we heard the word of God in three languages: Kikongo, Tshiluba and Lingala. Tshisunga Daniel played the guitar and sang the "Old Rugged Cross". Though we could not understand the words, our hearts joined in a prayer that we might be true to the Old Rugged Cross.

Chief Mankutu told us not to hide our lights under the table, but to go and tell our relatives and friends of Christ. "Our friends, the missionaries, have come here to show us Christ. They did not hide Him in their own country." He told of an incident in his life that meant much to him. "When

I was a small boy I hadn't eaten for a day and a half and my hunger was great. I was with another boy the same age as myself. We saw two eggs under the bed in the house of a friend; so we decided to take these eggs and eat them. After leaving the house I thought, 'This small egg isn't enough to kill my hunger. Why take it and be called a thief? It won't satisfy.' So I went and put it back. When my friend saw that I had put my egg back he feared lest I should tell on him so he put his back too. That evening when we got back to my friend's house we found that his mother had prepared meat and other good food for us. You are stealing the eggs of this world, thinking that you will find satisfaction for your hunger. But Christ has a feast in store for you, why not sit down and partake of it?"

Two prayers offered during this Convention touched our hearts. "Our Fathers who have died had hunger to hear the Word we have heard. God, we want to go back and do more because of what we have heard here. We know today, God, that thou art in the midst of two or three." "Thou hast told us to work until you come back. Help us to work in the sunshine and in the dark. We want to awaken those who are asleep. And awaken us, oh Christ, by thy Spirit."

May the song that the A.P.C.M. quartet sang so beautifully one night be our aim throughout the coming year: "Where He Leads Me I will Follow". We know it is easier to be a happy Christian in a convention than back alone in some isolated village. Let us remember our native leaders in prayer that they may be strengthened for their tasks.

Linda Watkins

NOW — AND THEN!

More than sixty years ago, at the present site of Leopoldville-Ouest, a canoe approached the palm fringed shore; but the natives, filled with awe and fear, manifested such signs of unfriendliness that Henry Stanley, after closely scanning the shore, gave his rowers orders to push off toward the French side.

Last Saturday afternoon (June 11th) the scene was re-enacted. Once again, a canoe, propelled by boatmen rowing in perfect rhythm to the beat of a drum, approached the Leo shore. A man, closely resembling Stanley, stood up and, through his binoculars, examined the landing. But, once again, unfavorable noises came from the land and the rowers were given the command to go on.

To many in the vast audience of thousands, Time had turned backwards. Their thoughts quickly spanned the gap of sixty-odd years and they felt as if they truly were exploring the new country with Henry Stanley. True, they viewed many of the same palm trees that had graced the original scene — the mighty Congo was the same —

Their thoughts were rudely interrupted. From right and left marched three hundred nineteen white-uniformed boys who formed in six orderly rows on the improvised stage on the water front. Their eyes on their conductor, at precisely the right moment, they joined in a harmonious four-part rendering of "E biso batu yonso na nse" ("Diadem"). This was followed by "Nyimbilanga kwa Mvuluzi Klisto" ("In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye") and "Wana eyoki ngai" ("Fairest Lord Jesus"). An audience of over three

thousand, compactly seated in the well-planned amphitheatre, seemed to disconcert them not at all. What a change had been wrought in sixty years! Instead of harsh, unfriendly calls from half-naked inhabitants, there now arose a beautiful, melodious song of praise to God from the new generation.

Hardly had they filed off the stage, when was heard the rhythmic song of boatmen. Far out on the broad expanse of the Congo, again was seen a boat, the sunlight flashing on the spray as the paddles tossed it up and down. Louder came the weird song as the boat drew nearer and nearer. A group of excited villagers, dressed as were their ancestors of sixty years ago, watched and commented from the shore. This time the canoe landed and two figures, representing Bentley and Crudgington, British Baptist missionaries, came ashore. Some of the more timid natives ran away but others crowded around the strange white men. One boy went to call the chief and he, accompanied by his two wives and surrounded by all the dignity in accord with his position, advanced to meet the white men. Trunks were opened, gifts of cloth and beads presented, and much palavering followed. The chief, however, was not too friendly and again the white men withdrew in their canoe.

Once more the choir stepped forward and thrilled the audience with "Muenyi udi kumbelu" ("There's a Stranger at the Door"). While they sang, a lone boatman, clad only in a loin cloth, slowly paddled a dug-out canoe along the water front. Then a young woman, garbed in native costume and carrying a basket of greens on her head, stepped before the

choir. She sang beautifully the solo part in a French translation of the negro spiritual, "Lord, I want to be a Christian". Then the choir joined, softly at first, then swelling the plaintive melody to a throbbing volume.

At the close of the song, they again withdrew. Then, a typical village evening scene was presented. First came a few women, home from their day's gardening. Some children accompanied them. Then came some stragglers, back from a day's loitering at the market place. More women, with hoes and baskets of garden produce followed, chattering happily among themselves. They all disappeared at one side of the stage where, presumably, there was a village, for we distinctly heard sounds as of chopping sticks for fires, the clattering of dishes and pots, and the merry laughing and talking of an evening group in any village. But see! Who are these? Ah — we are once more back in the olden days (the grass cloth costumes and skins worn by the villagers might have warned us!). And now.....five Arabs are stealthily approaching the village, their loaded guns ready to coerce any who resist too strenously being taken captive ! They steal, one by one, through the high grass and approach the village from different angles. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang-Bang! In a second the merry chattering and laughing are changed to screams of fear. Two boys, who seem to have miraculously escaped, streak at lightning speed across the stage. The screams grow louder and louder and soon, to the general confusion are added volumes of smoke. The Arabs have set fire to the village! And now — there they come with the people all bound up and

started on the way to the slave market. How cruel they are! How they shout and yell at the weeping captives! They even rain blows on those who are unwilling to proceed. Ah,..... see the poor little tot run sobbing after her mother, who is bound up together with two others! Our hearts almost bleed as our thoughts turn back to the days when thousands actually suffered in just this way.

But behold! A group of soldiers with ready guns rushes out to meet them! The two boys did succeed in getting help! Arabs and soldiers fire wildly at one another while frightened captives cower on the ground between, their screams adding to the tumult. But soon some Arabs are killed (?) and the others bound up unable to do more harm. Then the leader of the soldiers, with the Congo flag billowing behind him, calls out to the people to arise and listen to his message. His soldiers free them from their bonds and they, dazedly, gather before him. He tries to make them understand that now they are free, that the new king, Leopold II, will not permit slavery any longer. At first, they cannot comprehend, but when they are convinced that they may return to their village site and no one may molest them again, they cheer and caper wildly about.

As soon as the stage can be cleared of discarded bonds and "dead" and wounded Arabs, the choir again comes on. This time, to the accompaniment of a bell, they sing that favorite Christmas song of Europeans, "Minuit, Chrétien". This is followed by "Adeste Fideles", each choir joining in the second verse in their mother tongue, Lingala, Kikongo, Tshiluba, etc. Then they joyfully unite in the Tshiluba

words of "The First Noël" ("Kale, kale").

But, after their withdrawal, "dark Africa" still persists: See the poor sick boy being led in by a group of half-clothed village folk. They do nothing for him but deposit him on the ground where he lies trembling while their eyes stray back along the path as though anticipating help. Whom are they awaiting? Ah! there he comes! But who is he? — this tall man in red robes, a crown of feathers on his head, and a wicked knife in his girdle? Two baleke (boys) follow him carrying little bundles on their shoulders. The village folk do him homage and even the sick boy is pulled to his feet before him. Ah yes! Of course! The witch doctor has come to cure the ailing one. He runs his hands over the trembling arms, legs and body. At a signal, the boys undo their bundles and he brings forth "medicine" of various sorts. He paints the poor boy's face and smears concoctions on his arms and legs. See how he tries to draw the "illness" out of the limbs, take it in his own hands, and blow it to the four winds. Now - - - what is that man pushing forward for? He has a chicken in his hands! He presents it to the witch doctor. Look! The boy holds it. The witch doctor draws his knife! He kills it! And uses the blood in his rites! But see! A white man is arriving. He joins the throng and sees the poor sufferer. He motions his helper who brings a tin trunk. The doctor takes out a stethoscope — examines the boy — and begins to administer medicine. The indignant Witch Doctor steps aside a little. - - - Time passes on.- - - - The white doctor is followed by supplies — a diagnosing table — a microscope — an injection unit — an ulcer washing outfit — a hospital bed — a baby clinic — and even an operating

table — all in the hands of trained workers, white and black, who usurp more and more room until the Witch Doctor and his helpers are almost crowded out. Finally, when a group of Protestant reared boys, who are students in the Government Medical School, march on, en masse, he is entirely pushed off the stage. The day of the rule of the Witch Doctor is waning — and his place is being taken by Medical Science in the hands of missionaries and their helpers.

When hospital paraphernalia has been removed — a lone figure, swinging a grass cutter and singing in a melodious voice comes on. He is soon joined by eleven others, cutters all swinging in unison to his music. Behind them comes the choir and soon the audience is thrilled at the sound of another negro spiritual, "Kabena bandombela". As its harmonies die away, the Baluba group steps forward and shows the audience what a picked group of Congo singers can do. When the applause for them finally dies out, the entire choir begins humming very softly "Vana dikulunsi" ("Christ Arose"). As their music increases in volume, so, too, does the feeling of gladness until, at the final chorus, when with hundreds of palm branches waving aloft in their hands, they burst into a jubilant loud "Aleluya, Fuluka!", the audience, too, is in a transport of joy.

The closing scene accurately depicted the training of Congo youth in the hands of the missionaries. First came groups of merry children, chattering and playing games. Then, at the sound of the school bell, they hurriedly but orderly, formed into ranks and assembled in class. One little fellow stepped forward and led in repeating the Lord's Prayer in French.

Then the red, yellow and black of Belgium's flag was unfurled and as the young voices of the assembled children rang out in a national anthem "Vers l'Avenir" the audience rose to its feet. Simultaneously all the participants in pageant and choir thronged on to the stage. What a mingling of color — red and blue of soldiers uniforms, gay yellows and browns of school suits, vari-colored skins, grass cloth, dark loin cloths Arabian turbans, all mingling with the white clothes of the singers. And what a back drop! The flaming tints of an African sunset mirrored on the darkening waters of the Congo, with a few lights beginning to twinkle on the hazy blue lines of the French shore over a mile away.

The crowd courteously waited until Monsieur le Gouverneur Général Ryckmans and his party had departed. Then it broke up into dozens of groups rushing homeward, all agreeing that the afternoon had been well spent. But how many seeing the finished product realized how much preparation had been necessary? First, — the idea of anything so colossal as a pageant and concert involving some five hundred people. Then the months and months of special training of small groups of singers on individual mission stations, not to mention two strenuous weeks of "polishing" by their conductor. The preparing of the hillside and the planting of grass to make an amphitheatre suitable for the seating of a crowd of several thousand. The ordering, planing and preparing of boards to make seats. The securing, of white material and the sewing of over three hundred suits. The looking up of historic material, that the early white missionaries might be rightly clothed and act

in accordance with known facts. The drilling of the pageant scenes. The taking care of the transportation, housing and feeding of these crowds, not to mention such details as the preparation of programs, selling of tickets, etc. etc. The Congo Protestant Council received splendidid cooperation from the government and many commercial firms. But we of the A.B.F.M.S. feel that the heartiest congratulations should go to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hall, — for they, it was, who planned and dared to carry out the presentation and who bore the heavy responsibilty of making it a success.

But no doubt remains that the day will be a long remembered one. And thoughtful souls will not only remember but ponder upon the changes wrought in the last sixty years and thank God that He did lead His missionaries to land upon the banks of the mighty Congo.

Ruth Erickson

SOIXANTE ANS

"Mama, I'm here!"

"Please, mama, I've come back,"

"Dodokolo, mama, who sings to-morrow?"

"Oh, mama, may my mpangi (brother) and I go to Kinshasa to-morrow?

The lady with the lantern was trying to make her way across the dark lawn to the waiting automobile but seven or eight boys tagged along, some bombarding her with questions, others anxious that she should check their names, they having been absent at the roll call a half hour or so before.

She patiently answered each of them, even lean-

ing out of the car window to give a last response. Then she heaved a sigh of relief; — another long day ended.

It had begun at six that morning when a boy had driven her out to "Belge" (Native quarters at Leopoldville-Ouest) in time to get breakfast for the two hundred thirty and more boys. The plantains were already boiling in one earthen pot; "luku" (manioc mush) was merrily bubbling in another. At one side, a boy was chopping away at a huge side of beef to be prepared for dinner. But "Mama Anderson" had to be everywhere, directing, supervising and checking that things might be done right. It was no small task to make out menus, purchase food and direct the cooking and serving of three meals per day for a crowd of two hundred thirty for two weeks.

But that wasn't all Mama Anderson did for the choir. She assigned them sleeping places, inspected their quarters morning by morning to see that all was neat and clean. She called the roll before she left at night in order that she might know that all were safe. She conferred with the policemen on duty that all might be quiet for a good night's sleep. She gave patient answers and good advice to Bas Congos, Bangalas, Balubas alike.

Yes, it was hard work, but sort of fun too. She came to know the choir boys better even than their director. They confided in her, sang for her and played for her.

To many of us it was a grand camp, the rows and rows of mats laid close together all along the floors of the work shops, kindergarten, etc. We smiled at the "de luxe" suite of the Bolobo group — their

beds, mosquito nets, chairs, tables, etc, all set up in a classroom.

Out in the open center were tables and tables with dozens and dozens of plates, cups, knives, spoons, etc. And what a good time was had on the swings and see-saws!

It was a lovely sight when the moon beamed down through palms and acacias and sent black shadows dancing over the grass. Perhaps it was not quite so attractive when the sun glared down on the same scene, sending the women helpers scampering under a table to sit and eat their lunch!

But the boys who took part will always remember the Jubilee Conference. They proudly wore their green badges on which the first words were "60 ans" (60 years). (And probably to them forever after any badge will be called a "Soixante Ans".) It grew to be amusing to us how they talked about them. Oft they came saying, "Please, mama, my "Sixty Years" is getting dirty and torn. May I have a clean one?" And one day excitement reigned. A group rushed to Mama Anderson saying, "Mawana walked down the street without his "Sixty Years" and a policman got him!" The badge identified our boys so that they were not to be molested for tax receipts or passports while in Leopoldville. We feared failure to wear them might mean "ten days"! But Mawana explained and the commissaire let him go.

But the "Sixty Years" will live on in at least one way. Before the Conference was ended, a baby girl was born to a native mission couple and proudly named "Soixante Ans"!

Ruth Erickson

"WE DON'T KNOW"

At Kikongo we have a young local pastor bearing the name of Samuel Nkuti. He is a regular teacher in the station school, having as his special field the Bible classes. He also takes his turn in the Sunday preaching services. Not long ago he made a statement in one of his sermons that has stayed in my mind. He was preaching on the visit of Peter and John to the Temple when the lame man asked them for money. The disciples said they had no money but they gladly gave that which was of much more value than money. Then Nkuti made the statement: "They said they had no money, but we don't know whether they did or not."

That was a statement typical of the native mind and thinking. On being asked for money no native would admit that he had plenty, but did not want to give. Also Peter and John were white men and their being without funds is simply not a conceivable state of being. So it is not at all surprising that Nkuti would say: "We don't know". As I have been thinking over the implications of this statement I think that we can all truthfully say that there are a great many things we do not know about, nor do we understand all that we have been taught. What he said does not indicate a lax attitude on the part of the young native preacher.

Nkuti is learning. As he teaches his classes, many questions come to him from the pupils and he must give them an answer. This has forced him to more attentive Bible study and has clarified his thinking about spiritual matters. Then his position as pastor and teacher gives him an important place in the native

community. This forces him to listen to a great many disputes that he must try to settle in a way that will satisfy the parties concerned. He has developed some diplomatic qualities. He is called upon to visit the sick people in the hospital. He must cheer the ailing ones and often he must try to bring comfort to sad hearts in the hour of death. He has learned to draw upon the source of comfort and spiritual power.

Naturally these things have made a difference in his own private life. He is learning to take upon himself more and more of the burdens that oppress his people. I know of one occasion when, unable to settle a dispute, he paid the claimed debt of one of the parties and then said that now the debt was paid they must forget it and live as Christian brothers. Another time we were discussing the many family quarrels that disturb the peace of our married teachers' quarters. These teachers have been in the village work and have come in to the station for further training. Sad to say, they bring with them faults and weaknesses as well as their desire to learn. Nkuti offered his own experience as a possible way. First, he and his wife had agreed never to speak to each other angrily in the hearing of a third party. Next, they agreed that when night came, they would sit down together in the privacy of their own home and in prayer and mutual forgiveness would wipe out all misunderstanding before they retired. It is almost a perfect remedy, but the application to un-selfdisciplined minds is more difficult.

He and his wife were the first two to offer themselves publicly for complete life service to their Master. When a tithers' club was organized on the

station, Nkuti was not the first to join, but after study of the Bible and due consideration he came in. His latest and perhaps his greatest contribution is to develop a prayer group. They meet every day and pray definitely for the Blessing, that their own people may be saved. No doubt he will still preach according to his own understanding. Native ways of thinking will still produce statements that sound strange to our ears. He will still say on many occasions: "We don't know". But we who work with him day after day can say: "He is learning".

B. W. Armstrong

KIMPESE NOTES

May twelfth:— Examinations and grading of entrance examination papers from some seventy-nine applicants have deen giving us headaches for a good few nights. After long and careful consideration by the entire staff, quite without taking into account the missions or station from which the papers were sent, we have chosen forty-eight which will bring our enrollment up to ninty-one for the coming year. Not only best grades but service already rendered the church, age and character in so far as we could ascertain same from information sent to us, weighed heavily in our choice. The staff greatly prefers that applicants should present themselves at Kimpese for a week of personal conversations and contacts, as well as for the written examinations, and would insist thereon but for the expense of bringing them here. We covet most earnestly only students with a real sense of vocation, a call to serve Jesus Christ

and His church in this land, good servants of Jesus Christ.

The faculty feel strongly that applicants for the three year pastoral course should not be inferior in scholastic attainments to those accepted for the normal course, for the church is fully as needful of a well trained and well instructed ministry for its membership as for adequately trained teachers for its young folk. We also feel rather strongly that men entered for the pastoral course should not be mere boys, but young men of some experience in Christian life and service and with a real sense of vocation, a call to the ministry. They should be able to pass good examinations in Bible, both Old and New Testament. We deprecate the fact that so many applicants seem so unfamiliar even with the Gospels.

May fifteenth:— This morning a goodly number of proud fathers and mothers presented their babies born during the year for dedication to the Lord, solemnly promising to bring them up in the knowledge and fear of God. Many of the mothers were clad in attractive rayon dresses and head cloths, a veritable flower garden, and most of the babies were wrapped in pretty "White Cross" blankets sent them by homeland friends. We closed our year's baby clinic with an enrollment of seventy-three babies and an average weekly attendance of sixty-six, all babies of our student families and native assistants, our E.P.I. family of about five hundred. We lost but one baby during the school year. Many others narrowly escaped death during the two months of the influenza epidemic which laid low at one time or another practically our entire community, interrupting school very seriously.

May thirtieth:— Graduation exercises are over and to-night the senior banquet is on down in the school house. The last rain of the season is threatening. The week-end has been an interesting one. Mr. Hemmins, one of the Home Secretaries the B.M.S., a prominent British Baptist layman, together with Mr. and Mrs. Hillard, arrived on Thursday afternoon from Europe. The Geils, with thirty members of the massed choir on their way to sing at the Jubilee Conference at Leopoldville, arrived Saturday morning, also Mr. Ohrneman. Saturday afternoon the Banza Manteke choir boys played our fellows a stiff game of football in which neither side was able to score in an hour and a half.

The choir added greatly to our Sunday morning and communion services with their really beautiful singing. Sunday morning Mr. Hemmins brought a heart searching and inspiring message to the leaving students, indeed to all of us, and the quiet vesper communion service led by Mr. Ohrneman was a veritable benediction. Monday morning class day exercises, an address by Mr. Geil to the graduates and awarding of diplomas came, soon after which our honored guests departed.

Evening, May thirty-first:— "The tumult and shouting are over". The school year is closed. Happy student families, some afoot, some by rail, have left us for their various districts and home villages. The Kwango and Kasai families are sad at being left behind. The expense of travel necessitates their remaining in residence throughout the three years.

All but one in the normal and one in the pastoral classes won diplomas, eighteen in all. The two who failed will, we believe, do acceptable and faithful work

despite their limitations in academic subjects. The eleven men who finished in the two years' pastoral course worked hard and were interested in their studies. Most of them will do good work for the church. I have greatly enjoyed my own classes with these men. They are much more mature and experienced Christians than those in the three year courses, but have not had opportunity of training in their younger days.

It has seemed best to accept a two year's class once in two years only. A most promising class has been accepted for the coming year. There seems a disposition at some of our stations to believe that this will absolve them from continuing or providing for what have been called Preparatory Schools at the various stations for Christian workers of this type, older men who cannot be accepted in station boarding schools and who cannot qualify for Kimpese. There is still need for such men's service in the church. Out of such schools we should like to have come our students for the two year's pastoral course.

Fully a third of the wives are absolutely illiterate when they enter. This ought not to be since we are celebrating sixty years of missionary work in the general area from which most students come. It is quite evident that girls and young women are being accepted for baptism who have not learned to read their New Testaments even haltingly. An illiterate Protestant church cannot be a stable one. It will not suffiently understand the "faith by which the church lives". A few exceptionally fine women, several finer characters than their husbands, are in the leaving classes but the average is below

that of recent years. The wives of the men here for the two years' course are older women who have not learned to read or write in their villages, a few excepted, and make little progress in such courses. It often seems to us that we, and they too, have toiled all year and caught nothing. However, they do improve considerably in knowledge and manners and come to have a better apprehension of their responsibilities as wives of teachers.

Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Engwall, Mrs. Morrish, two native women and two native men teachers and myself have made up the teaching staff of the Women's School. All women have been in school three periods daily and have had additional training for teaching in the Primary Sunday School and Women's Sunday School, also in caring for the kindergarteners during Sunday morning worship. Quite a number have taken chapel prayers acceptably during the year. Recently the Primary and Kindergarten departments had a Mothers' Day celebration when the little folk under Mrs. Reynolds instruction put on an interesting program of song and play. The segregation of these children in student famillies here away from the low moral tone of the native villages has always seemed to me one of the finest things in connection with our Kimpese school.

Catharine Mabie

My days rushed by like a busy mill
With no time to replenish the hidden springs,
And I thought I was doing God's own will,
But my soul was lost in a maze of things.

Mildred Long

PENTECOST AT VANGA

For some time we at Vanga had been concerned about the spiritual conditions in our field. Converts were many, offerings were good in the agregate and were increasing; but among the leaders of the church a growing spirit of the love of the things of this world, of pride and of self-righteousness was being reflected in the ranks by a weakened church where hundreds were out on discipline and many were lowering the standards of church membership. Teachers were leaving their work to seek employment from the companies, pastors were grumbling and making an issue of higher salaries, station teachers were impudent and arrogant. There was a distrust of and disrespect for the white man that had not existed before. Again and again when money was made the issue the missionary had said, "The question is not one of money, but of the consecration of your own hearts. If you trusted the Lord, you would not be concerned over the amount of your salaries." In the villages pagan practices were being revived, the dance drum was heard all too frequently and we were told that witch doctors were re-assuming their importance. Our hearts were becoming more and more burdened.

At the close of school a year ago, in the bit of a pause when we surveyed the year's work, we became more thoroughly convinced that only a real out-pouring of the Spirit of the Lord could change the situation -- in other words, an old-fashioned revival. Several of us pledged ourselves to pray definitely for a revival at the opening of school in August, to

to search our own hearts in preparation against that time, and to plan for special services before opening classes. Through the weeks of the dry season we looked forward eagerly to the expected blessing.

The opening of school was a "far-cry" from a revival. When school closed in May we had announced that, in accordance with the policy of our mission, each student should pay upon his return to school a small sum of tuition, in this case ten francs, or about thirty cents. It was the first time tuition had been asked at Vanga and the pastors were very much opposed and refused to agree to it. When the school boys returned it was with a spirit of antagonism. We did not force the matter of tuition but tried to make it plain that without that sum of money the enrolment would have to be cut and we suggested that the first class be sent home. To relate the details would make too long a story, but, thinking to force our hand in that which they would not believe was impossible, about thirty of our school boy left us — mostly from the upper classes, leaving us, for example, a graduating class of only four. Among the last to go — as if it were the final effort — were a group of houseboys upon whom had been bestowed an extra portion of love and labor and upon whom we were especially dependent. Through the weeks that followed, others left us; our sentry was dismissed for adultery, two of our finest boys had to leave because of theft, our cook left in disgrace. We almost dreaded each day as it came, for fear of what new evil would be revealed or what other trusted helper would be discovered to have been unfaithful.

In the meantime, those who remained in school

were a sober and earnest group of boys. They responded enthusiastically to our call for prayer groups, and they themselves sought for more opportunities for prayer and personal help. All through the year a group of boys met voluntarily on our veranda at seven each morning for a few minutes of prayer before chapel. We encouraged them to pray definitely and they were rejoicing in prayers answered. Their enthusiasm for Sunday evangelistic groups to preach in the villages was more than the missionary's strength could match. There was much earnest seeking.

Our station teachers, however, did not appreciate our prayer program. Not one attended the voluntary prayer groups and they assumed a condescending attitude to the weekly prayer hour of the school. In Belge, their village, they were not having the customary mid-weekly services and there was an increasing unbrotherly spirit among the families. When they were approached on this subject their response amounted, in effect, to this: "Don't we pray? Aren't we Christians? Aren't we righteous? Do we need more prayer?"

Discipline in the school was much less of a problem than the year before. The boys displayed a better attitude toward school rules. There was a marked decrease in thieving. The year before there had never been any pineapples to gather from the school pineapple patch; they were all plucked secretly before ripe. This past school year hundreds of them were brought in every week for distrbution among the students. At the time of the boys' home-going for Christmas vacation there was none of the customary disappearance of locks, hinges from doors, window frames, etc. The boys seemed burdened and anxious

to cleanse their lives, but they had not yet reached the point of victory, and it seemed to be their leaders who were blocking the way.

All through the year we were conscious of the struggle between the forces of God and those of the Evil One. We knew that the Spirit of God was working, but there was also a power that was gripping the souls and bodies of men seeking to drag them towards destruction. Any member of our staff could relate various instances. The attitudes mentioned in the earlier paragraphs were becoming even more pronounced until we sometimes felt we were living on a volcano. In the meantime we continued to pray for a revival, and from God alone came the faith to believe that it would come. We felt that things were ready to break among the boys, but the teachers stood as one solid wall between them and a mighty blessing. They were trying hard to keep an unperturbed exterior, but they could not hide the fact that the daily chapel talks were convicting them in their hearts, until a number of them were only waiting for the end of the school year so that they could get away from it all.

Then early in March Mr. Brown came in from a trip in the district burdened with the problems of the work, and took up the morning chapel talks with all the earnestness and power which the Lord has given him. For several weeks he gave of his inmost soul to resentful hearts, while the rest of us backed him in prayer. His words seemed to fall on fruitless ground, until he made plans to leave again for district work. But it is often true that the Lord's blessing comes only when one has reached the point of utter desperation and hopelessness and utter dependence upon Him. So

it was, and then like a flood the tide poured in.

The first day it began by leaders first arising and publicly in humble repentance confessing their sins and seeking forgiveness from both God and man — then followed by many school boys doing the same. Then their was over a week when nothing more happened, but after another time of special waiting before the Lord, and with no urging on the part of man, teacher and student opened hearts in confession — in public, in small groups and in personal conference. And as sins were confessed and hearts were surrendered, joy began to break forth in lives and faces. Stolen articles were returned and other sins were made right, even thefts committed years ago. Forgiveness was asked one of the other; friendships were renewed; resentments, some buried so deep that no one else knew of them, were cleared away that Light might reign in hearts. So great was the tide of events that for a whole week classes were suspended and plans for a public Commencement had to be given up. On Sundays the station was crowded with hungry and curious folk who had heard of the strange things that were happening. One would fain relate incidents and tell of individuals, but space does not permit. Each day brought new victories, and not even proud and stiff-necked leaders could resist the believing prayer of boys and men who in their new-found joy were praying openly for them. As we white folks met during the day, it was often with the question, "What new has happened? What about So-and so?" May I say, too, that those were days when we, too, searched our own hearts very deeply and humbled them that there might not be left in them one thing — be it only in thought — that might be a hindrance in the way of the great working of

the Lord.

At Commencement time the pastors were called in for a Conference; it was not long before they, too, were following in at the open door. They confessed their sins, their dissatisfaction with their work, their plans to leave the Mission for more remunerative work, their conscious lack of joy in the Lord. The daily informal services attracted many burdened hearts, and prodigals came seeking a way back to the Father's house. There were Philips busy those days, too. And the women were opening their hearts and many were rejoicing anew in the love of the Lord.

On Easter Sunday, just before we left the field for furlough, eighty-three school boys were baptized amidst great rejoicing. All through the district the news of great happenings was stirring up hearts and villages. We left on furlough just when we would like to have stayed, and yet how much easier it was to say good-bye to ten radiant teachers and many rejoicing boys and some very happy missionaries than it would have been to say it a few months earlier. Even though we have not yet been able to receive more news since leaving the field, we know that even greater things are taking place. One of the boys in public prayer thanked the Lord for Pentecost which was taking place among them, and that Pentecost did not stop with Jerusalem. Nor will this new experience end with what happened on the mission station of Vanga.

Helen Robbins

Emerson said: "All I have seen teaches me to trust the creator for all I have not seen".

THE FREDERICKSONS' DIARIES
—1894—

MA KIYEKA: I first made my acquaintance with Ma Kiyeka in the following manner. The girls called me to come and see her. They found her and her baby under a bed in the dormitory. Frightened, she crawled out. Her body and the baby's were covered with a malignant skin disease. The girls brought soap and water; and the sulphur ointment acted as a magic every day till both patients were well enough to leave. She had come to us for a little bit of love and for a couple of weeks among true friends who brought healing to her mind. She did not dare to tell me of her past, but my Christian women helpers told me.

When Ma Kiyeka was sold to Chief Kiyedi, she was forced to leave her former husband and their seven year old daughter. The chief's attendants brought Ma Kiyeka to Kindzila. But her little girl refused to stay behind, and ran the long way after her mother, sobbing. Arriving in the Chief's town, the girl begged her mother to let her stay, but the mother had no right as a slave, so she shut herself in a house; but there was more crying, and angry men took hoes and forced the child to go into the forest. The Chief shouted that he did not buy the girl, only the mother. In the woods, the grave was dug, and the child grabbed and put into it. They clutched her throat and bent her body backwards, filling in dirt, while the little soul was carried to Him who loves all children, although she had never heard of Him.

* * * *

"THE WEAK TO THE WALL": "It is darkest before dawn", so it was in the Nkisi district too, terribly dark before the Light of the World shone over the people.

Ma Kisoka, sister of Chief Kiyedi, was a good looking strong woman. One day she went to her gardens to work until noon. Alone she gave birth to a baby, and, alone, she carried it home to her village as if nothing had happened. I saw her coming by our house and went to greet them both. After she had passed by my helpers said that they must tell me of Ma Kisoka's crime. About two years ago she owned a slave mother and her son The child did not grow normally, but was alright otherwise. So Ma Kisoka decided to do away with him — "he was not worth feeding". On a market day, after all the people had gone to market to sell and to buy, the child's mother being among them, Ma Kisoka called Lubongosolo and coaxed him with a piece of meat and a chunk of manioc bread, saying: "Let us go into the woods". The little boy danced joyfully, and followed his "mother-who-owns-him" into the woods. Ma Kisoka dug a hole with her hoe. The boy sat down to eat, rolling from the bread small round balls the size of marbles, throwing one at a time into his mouth and swallowing them whole, as is the custom. But the meat, which was a treat, he chewed and was quite happy.

When the hole was deep enough, Ma Kisoka grabbed the little boy and struck his back with a stone! Suddenly he understood, and cried in terror: "O, Mother Kisoka, do not strike me, do not bury me!" But Ma Kisoka had no mercy; she put the boy

down into the hole, bent his body forward and filled the dirt in until the dear little soul had gone to be with Jesus, of whom he had never heard. She placed three stones on top of the grave, which can be seen to-day. Then she returned to her village. Later, the people came home from the market. The boy's mother looked around and asked Ma Kisoka: "Where is the child?" Ma Kisoka calmly told her that the Spirits had taken him and that now she could have a bigger baby. The heart-broken mother folded her hands over her head, as they do in great sorrow, crying: "Mother Kisoka, sell me away from this town to another place!" At Buende, not far away, was a slave market in full swing.

These two small graves are within five miles of our station which was built about two years after these tragedies. TOO late the missionaries came to prevent these little slave children from such violent deaths. But we are here, God help us to do what He sent us to do! Whenever I talk with Ma Kisoka, trying to make her see her inhuman crime, she remains unmoved and hardened.

* * * *

NEWS SUMMARY: Mrs. Nelson has had blackwater fever, but prompt treatment brought her over the crisis in a week. The white babies do not thrive in this country of malaria, they both have been near death.

During 1894, thirteen were baptized; there are thirty-five church members, ninety-seven in school and fifty-seven in Sunday School. Contributions in 1894 were twenty-three dollars - three times as much as

last year. 1573 have been treated for diseases, and I have started to charge half a cent for a dose of medicine, except to the school children and the poor. I did this when the two sons of the late Mbuba chief called, and the Executioner of the district insinuated that my medicines were like their fetishes — only different in looks.

— 1895 —

March 9th, Mr. Nelson took Mrs. Nelson and Celia to Matadi to go to U.S.A. Mr. Nelson will return. When the natives stood around to say good-bye, they laughed when they saw Mrs. Nelson and I shed tears. They said: "It is because Mama Nelson leaves her older sister at Kindzila". Then they watched our husbands and failing to see them cry, one wise woman insinuated: "But did anybody ever see menfolks shed tears?"

One night we heard a noise in our goat-house. Fred took a lantern and, while he opened the door, saw a leopard tear through a corner, carrying a kid with him into the darkness.

Chief Kiyedi is being blamed for selling his people to us, while they are still living. Then when they are sick and die, we get their spirits.

* * * *

AN AFRICAN CROCODILE STORY: When a crocodile gets a man, he bites off a leg and drags it to the bottom of the river, after which he sends out invitations to all his friends to come to the feast. When all of the guests have arrived, the Crab begins to tear the poor leg-of-man, saying: "Let us tear

and pull him to pieces!" The Shrimp sings: "Let us pick him to pieces, bit for bit!" But the Crocodile, getting afraid that there will be nothing left for him, suggests: "Let him rest, let him rest, alone, in peace!"

M.M. Frederickson

AN ADVENTURE IN SOLITUDE

When Dr. Alexis Carrel in his remarkable book "Man the Unknown" notes that "Solitude is looked upon as a punishment or a rare luxury", it is quite evident that he is writing from the point of view of New York and not the Congo. There is at least one missionary known to the writer who does not look upon his solitude as either "a punisment or a rare luxury", but rather as an unfortunate necessity. There still remains the solitude of the builder who because of some peculiar task to perform finds it necessary to separate himself from wife and family, or that of the doctor who would far rather carry on his work in the close proximity of his home than go out into the dark to spend hours alone with suffering and misery, but needs are not always compatable with one's wishes.

Since May of last year the writer has learned much in solitude which happier circumstances could not have taught him, not only in the culinary art but also the eating and drinking of spiritual food. But let me first tell you of some of the experiences about the home.

Now, every housewife knows what "shortening" is, but when I tried to make a cake I had to guess and I guessed wrongly. It was my good fortune that the

cake turned out as well as it did when I used four tablespoons of baking powder instead of "fat". My cook was less fortunate when he assured me that he knew how to make a cake alone and forgot the flour. After it had been in the oven for but a few minutes the cake was spread all over the oven with less than a tablespoon of ingredients left in the pan. And speaking of cakes and cookies, I have found it surprising how many cookies, irrespective of what they are called in the cook book, turn out to be "rocks".

One, of course, likes to blame the cook. He is more or less of a kitchen "scape goat", but it is none the less true that ours has made some incredible blunders. Even his youthfulness does not excuse him. When, for instance, he was told to increase the coffee I found the coffee pot getting heavier and heavier and the coffee thinner and weaker each day. When I argued the point with him he insisted that he had done exactly what I had requested and that I should have asked him to increase the strength of the coffee not the amount of it. That was far too technical for me so I let it go at that. I felt less inclined to submit some weeks later when I told the chicken boy to give the cook a chicken. When the next day there was no chicken about, an inquiry was made, and the embarrassed cook admitted that the chicken had been given to him, but that he had supposed it was a gift from me and had eaten it.

It was still dark one day when the drum sounded at 5:45 for morning prayers. Some minutes later I reached for my toothbrush and a tube of tooth paste which were always together. A strange altho very fortunate suspicion filled me as I handled the new

full tube. I held it to the light and discovered just in time that it was a tube of rust-stain remover, which to an attentive house-boy was not different from the tube which he had noticed the evening before was empty.

It goes without saying that when one is alone an invitation to "dine" is always a welcome occasion, even more so when when one is on the road and one is invited to share the meal with another. It is often the change as much as the meal itself to which one looks forward. On one occasion I was invited to dine with a trader. We sat at opposite ends of a table, with my chair facing the window at which stood my host's four wives wildly gesturing and grinning from ear to ear so that it was nigh impossible to carry on an intelligent conversation with a serious face.

On the same trip I sat as guest in the house of another trader who like many in the colony drank quite heavily. When drinks were offered I declined, but my host assured me that he had something which was perfectlly proper for any missionary to drink, whereupon I accepted. No, it was neither grenadine nor grape juice. It was really very good.

On a subsequent occasion we passed through a village where a white man was stopping. I was invited to share his noon meal which, to my surprise, was already prepared and the table set for two. I thought it incredible that he should have known I was passing but said nothing. I did not guess until, when upon leaving, I passed the cook-house and a young lady gave me an ugly look. Then I realized that I had eaten her share of the meal. I was later to learn that the same

young lady had had reason some weeks previous to suspect the undivided devotion of the white man. Led by instinct and practice she had gone to a witch doctor who had concocted a powerful fetish which she was to put into her white man's food. It was fortunately detected a few days before I arrived and the use of it forbidden. Of course as soon as I heard of it I imagined I could recall seeing small dark objects in the meat balls.

I was suddenly awakened one night by loud voices which I interpreted as either a theft or a prowling leopard. I ran out and found men with torches and bows and arrows who told me that a leopard had taken a pig or a goat but a few feet away from the hut in which I slept. This was not, apparently, an uncommon occurence in that area.

In another village I was awakened at midnight by approaching voices. I inquired for what they had come at that hour and was informed that because of an approaching storm they had come to finish thatching the roof of the house in which I was staying. Can't you imagine me expressing my profound appreciation of their unusual thoughtfulness??? I did tell them what I thought of them for leaving the roof half-thatched until I came, and told them I preferred to take a chance at getting soaked. Speaking of night callers I might mention several large pigs who came into the hut one night unnoticed and were as much surprised as I was in the morning, and the feeling of intrusion was apparently also mutual for many of the doorless passenger houses are occupied chiefly by goats and pigs excepting when the occasional white visitor stays overnight.

"Luxury?" Not exactly! "Punishment?" Never! "Solitude?" Not even that can be claimed in the true sense, for truly, I have never felt less alone. "I'll not leave you in solitude" is what One said to a group who feared and hated, like all of us, being alone. He left them with the promise "..... and I am with you always". My adventure during the last year has brought many weird experiences, and has taught me many lessons, as well as led me to numerous discoveries, choicest of which has been His loyal friendship and abundant grace, in comparison to which the inconveniences have been negligible.

Ted Bubeck

HERE AND THERE

Our cover is a reproduction of the "Soixante Ans" described in Mrs. Erickson's article, page 18. The design under the "60" represents what was actually a ribbon in the Belgian national colors. Delegates to the native Convention, as well as choir members, had the honor of wearing these badges during their stay in Leopoldville.

We were unable to secure any write-up of our own A.B.F.M.S. Conference, perhaps because the general Conference and Diamond Jubilee celebrations so overshadowed it. However, it took place and was not lacking in interest.

Mr. Brown's unexpected arrival by auto to tell us especially of the revival at Vanga (see page 26), meant that every station was represented. As we noted how few of our number were not present we realized how depleted are our forces. Thus it was with joy that we welcomed to our midst one new missionary,

Miss Eva Shepard. How often as designations were considered did we wish that she were several couples and three or four of her own kind, instead of one lone woman. She was finally designated to Vanga, but is to spend some months at Sona Bata studying Kikongo.

Dr. Witt and Miss Ehnbom were asked to change places as it was felt the large hospital and medical work at Ntondo required a doctor.

Our "Pa" Mac, the Robbins, Miss Agnes Anderson, Miss Vendla Anderson and Miss Satterberg have left for furlough. But we welcome back to Congo the Ericksons, Smiths, Tuttles and Miss Tice.

Near the close of the Conference we had the pleasure of welcoming to our midst Mrs. Freas's mother, Mrs. Shumway, who is spending a few months in Congo with her daughter.

After a great deal of discussion and prayer the Carpenters were finally released to what was felt to be a larger field of service in connection with the Congo Protestant Council, that of Educational Advisor to all Protestant missions working in Congo.

Editor — Margaret Hall

"I heard a voice at evening softly say:
'Bear not thy yesterday into tomorrow
Nor load thy heart with last week's sorrow:
Lift all of of thy burdens and place them on Me,
The weight of them may be too heavy for thee.'
One step at a time, God leads the way.
He gives daily bread, I hear Jesus say,
And keeps His own children from day unto day."

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

LEOPOLDVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. H.J.Watkins
Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall

KIMPESE

Rev. and Mrs.M.S.Engwall
Dr. C.L. Mabie

VANGA

Rev. and Mrs.L.A. Brown
Dr. and Mrs.A.C. Osterholm
Miss Eva Shepard

KIKONGO

Rev.and Mrs. B.W.Armstrong
Miss Grace Cooper
Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Smith

NTONDO

Rev.and Mrs.P.C.Metzger
Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Dr. Dorothea Witt

MOANZA

Rev. T.E. Bubeck
Miss Ruth Dickey
Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Atkins

SONA BATA

Dr. and Mrs. H.M. Freas
Rev. and Mrs. U.A.Lanoue
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson
Miss Esther Ehnbom
Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Tuttle

BANZA MANTEKE

Rev. and Mrs. J.E.Geil
Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Mildred Tice

SPECIAL WORK

Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Carpenter

ON FURLOUGH

Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown
Rev.and Mrs. P.A.MacDiarmid
Mrs. T.E. Bubeck
Rev. and Mrs. W.F.Robbins
Miss Alice Jorgenson
Miss Agnes Anderson
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson